

*Abb.* I Sir, a Mifterie.

*Clo.* Painting Sir, I haue heard fay, is a Mifterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, v-  
sing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but  
what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should  
be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abb.* Sir, it is a Mifterie.

*Clo.* Prooue.

*Abb.* Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

*Clo.* If it be too little for your theefe, your true man  
thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your  
Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie  
true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

*Enter Prouost.*

*Pro.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hang-  
man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth  
oftner aske forgiveness.

*Pro.* You sirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe  
to morrow, foure a clocke.

*Abb.* Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my  
Trade: follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue  
occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde  
me y<sup>e</sup>are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a  
good turne. *Exit*

*Pro.* Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:  
Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other,  
Being a Murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter Claudio.*

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow

Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

*Cla.* As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,  
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,  
He will not wake.

*Pro.* Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare your selfe. But hark, what noise?

Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,

I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue

For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,

Inuolop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

*Pro.* None since the Curphew rung.

*Duke.* Not *Isabell*?

*Pro.* No.

*Duke.* They will then er't be long.

*Pro.* What comfort is for *Claudio*?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Pro.* It is a bitter Deputie.

*Duke.* Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd

Even with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:

He doth with holie abstinence subdue

That in himselfe, which he spurtes on his powre

To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,

But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.

This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when

The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men:

How now? what noise? That spirit's posselt with haft,

That wounds th'vnisting Posterne with these strokes.

*Pro.* There he must stay until the Officer

Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

*Duke.* Haue you no countermend for *Claudio* yet?

But he must die to morrow?

*Pro.* None Sir, none.

*Duke.* As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,  
You shall heare more ere Morning.

*Pro.* Happely

You something know: yet I beleeeue there comes

No countermend: no such example haue we:

Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,

Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike care

Profest the contrarie.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Duke.* This is his Lords man.

*Pro.* And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

*Mess.* My Lord hath sent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you swerue not from the smallest Article of it,

Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

*Pro.* I shall obey him.

*Duke.* This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,

For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,

That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

*Pro.* I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

*Duke.* Pray you let's heare.

*The Letter.*

Whatsoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let *Claudio* be ex-  
ecuted by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone *Barnar-  
dine*: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue *Claudio's*  
head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed witha-  
thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer.  
Thus saile not to doe your Office, as you will answer it at  
your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

*Duke.* What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be execu-  
ted in th'afternoone?

*Pro.* A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,

One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

*Duke.* How came it, that the absent Duke had not

either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I

haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

*Pro.* His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:

And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord

*Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull prooffe.

*Duke.* It is now apparant?

*Pro.* Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?

How seemes he to be touch'd?

*Pro.* A man that apprehends death no more dread-  
fully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreakelesse, and

fearlesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible

of mortality, and desperately mortall.

*Duke.* He wants aduice.

*Pro.* He will heare none: he hath euermore had the li-  
berty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee

would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies

entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to

carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war-  
rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* More of him anon: There is written in your  
brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not  
truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes  
of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*,  
whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater  
forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him.  
To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I  
crave but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to  
do me both a present, and a dangerous courtlesie.

*Pro.* Pray Sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Pro.* Alacke, how may I do it? Having the houre li-  
mited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to de-  
liuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my  
case as *Claudio's*, to crosse this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,

If my instructions may be your guide,

Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,

And his head borne to *Angelo*.

*Pro.* *Angelo* hath seene them both,

And will discouer the fauour.

*Duke.* Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may

adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and say it

was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his

death: you know the course is common. If any thing

fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good for-  
tune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against

it with my life.

*Pro.* Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the De-  
putie?

*Pro.* To him, and to his Substitutes.

*Duke.* You will thinke you haue made no offence, if

the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

*Pro.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since

I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor

perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further

then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke

you Sir, heere is the hand and Scale of the Duke: you

know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not

strange to you?

*Pro.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The Contents of this, is the returne of the

Duke; you shall anon over-reade it at your pleasure:

where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be

heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee

this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance

of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Mor-

nasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke,

th'vnfolding Scarre calles vp the Shepheard; put not

your selfe into amazement, how these things should be;

all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call

your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will

giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better

place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely re-

solue you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our  
house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris

*Over-dons* owne ho-

Customers. First,

commoditie of brow

score and seuenteen

Markes readie mon-

much in request, fo

Then is there heere

Three-Pile the Merc

colour'd Satten, w

Then haue vve heere

vow, and Mr *Copper*

pier and dagger man

stie Pudding, and M

Shootie the great Tra

stabb'd Pots, and I th

our Trade, and are no

*Abb.* Sirrah, bring

*Clo.* Mr *Barnardine*

Mr *Barnardine*.

*Abb.* What hoa *B*

*Bar.* A pox o'you

there? What are you

*Clo.* Your friends

You must be so good

*Bar.* Away you R

*Abb.* Tell him he

And that quickly too

*Clo.* Pray Master

ecuted, and sleepe afte

*Ab.* Go in to him

*Clo.* He is compin

Straw ruffle.

*Enter*

*Abb.* Is the Axe vp

*Clo.* Verie readie

*Bar.* How now *A*

What's the newes vvi

*Abb.* Truly Sir, I v

prayers: for looke you

*Bar.* You Rogue,

I am not fitted for

*Clo.* Oh, the better

and is hanged betimes

founder all the next da

*Abb.* Looke you *S*

ther: do weiest now

*Duke.* Sir, inducd

hastily you are to depa

Comfort you, and pray

*Bar.* Friar, not I: I

and I will haue more ti

hear out my braines w

die this day, that's cer

*Duke.* Oh sir, you n

Looke forward on the

*Bar.* I sweare I will

swation.

*Duke.* But heare ye

*Bar.* Not a word; if

come to my Ward: fo

*Duke.* Vnfit to liue